Good and true

NEWES

FROM

IRELAND.

BEING

The Copy of a Letter sent from Mr. *Rodger Buttock*, one of the chief Ministers in the City of *Dublin*, to a Brother of his a Merchant, living in *Aldermans-Berrie in London.*

SHEWING

In a true and reall Relation, how 400. foot, and 100 horse sent from *Dublin*, under the Command of Sir *Charles Coot* marched towards *Ardee* 8. miles from thence, and beat them out of their Quarters, defeating the whole Army. Also, how they slew 1100. men at *Dundalk*, 13. Officers, took 4 pieces of Ordnance, and great store of good pillage, with the losse of 20. men.

Dated from Dublin the 4 of Aprill, and received here the 12. 1642.

LONDON, Printed for *Andrew Coe*, 1642.

NEWS

FROM

IRELAND.

DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE & ART
FORSTER BEQUEST
1876

GOOD NEWS FROM IRELAND.

Loving Brother,

YOurs of the 12. of *March* I received, with another from my Brother *Thomas*, both Testimonies of your loving affections, to your Sister and her Children; unto you both under God, I do commend the care of them; as for my self, I am no better then my companions, as a Snail crept out of the shell, subject to death daily, among the Instruments of death the Lord prepares us for his heavenly Kingdom; for our sufferings, I doubt not but they

have wrought much good in many of us. We were doting before on *Rome* and her Idolatries; now her cruelties cause a generall loathing of her and her Doctrines.

Before we were wedded to the world, now weaned from it: and I hope they shall work a greater measure of Grace here, and glory hereafter.

The Lord who is the Author of peace in all the Churches of the Saints keep the Church of *England* from Factions and Dissensions, to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace.

You desired to know how things stood with us; as long as I am in *Dublin*, I shall endeavor to satisfie you by the Post weekly.

Drogheda is relieved, her gates opened, and a great market comes in dayly, and to relate the manner how 'tis the the Lords doing, and it is marvilous in our eyes.

From *Drogheda* the Army their with

sore

some five hundred foote and a hundred horse, sent from *Dublin* to them, marched the last week to *Ardee*, eight miles thence, and there defeated the enemy.

From thence they marched to *Dundark*, sixteene miles from *Droghdah*, and their defeated the enemy, slew above eleven hundred of them: fifteen officers, tooke fowre Peece of Ordinance from them: and great store of good pillage in both these two waled Townes, and which is Gods doing, Wee lost not twenty men.

Our Army from *Dublin*, have burnt and forraged all along to *Droghda*, twenty miles. To the hill of *Tarah* sixteene miles. To the *Naas* ten miles. But to the Southward (on the mountaines) of us the enemy lies strong neer us. On *Friday* last an Army of them came down from the mountains within four miles of *Dublin*. Our horse went to meet them, on *Saturday* very early, put them all to flight, and pur-

sued three hundred of them, into the Castle of *Carrigmayne*, six. miles from *Dublin*, by nine of the clock in the morning, Messengers came to *Dublin*, for two peeces of Ordnance, to batter the Castle; but with Consultation, and advising with long delayes of a *Cunctator maximus* in our state, *Saturday* was passed over, and that might have bin easily done, that day was passed over to the Lords day; So that the taking of that Castle that day cost dearly, the losse of but a few, not past ten men, but five of them were Officers of great note on whose name my pen is loath to write the flower of the English Army, Our dearly beloved for his *Valour*, *Discretion* and *Religion*, Sir *Simon Harcott*, chief Commander that day, slaine by a bullet shot of the Castle, as he was overseeing the planting of the Ordinance, a man much lamented. But I doubt not but God will provide others for his place. I wrote formerly to venter for lands in

there

theſe parts, I hope you have done it: Iſhould be ſorrow you ſhould let ſlip ſuch an offer. Your Siſter remembreth herſelf unto you: to her ſiſter, and to all yours. So doth hee who commends you to God and reſts.

Your loving brother
Roger Puttok.